

# THE INDIAN HELPER

A WEEKLY LETTER  
—FROM THE—  
Indian Industrial School, Carlisle, Pa.

VOL. IX.

—FRIDAY, MAY 11, 1894—

NO. 33

## RIGHT.

**R**IGHT is right, though all deny it.  
Wrong is wrong, though none decry it!  
Know the right, and knowing hold it,  
Though the scorn of men enfold it.

Right is right—no power can change it,  
Heaven itself may not derange it!  
Firmer than the hills eternal  
Stands this verity supernal.

Malice, scorn may seek to shame it,  
Hatred, envy, lies defame it,  
Yet 'twill stand in meek security,  
Scathless in celestial purity,

Right is right—O strive to find it,  
From its bonds of wrong unbind it,  
Clear away the false around it,  
With a cry of joy, I've found it.

## CLOUD THUNDER.

Through personal contact with a certain tribe of Indians, the writer has arrived at a fair knowledge of the peculiar conditions which surround them, of the ignorance and superstition in which they are steeped, and of the tyrannical influence exerted by certain would-be spiritual advisers who hamper their progress. This knowledge, in connection with the accounts given by one of our number who has recently visited the same agency, enables her to draw certain conclusive pictures in the foreground of an actual scene representing a gross cruelty perpetrated upon one of our partially educated Indian boys.

It is not the only case of the kind on record. We have heard of many similar or worse trials endured by Indian boys and girls on their return home from school.

After the yearly "dumping" of a hundred or two innocent children back upon the reservation, many a heart cry of disappointment and despair might be heard coming from the secret recesses of the youthful soul. He discovers too late that to have remained away longer from old conditions, or perhaps to have

turned a back upon them forever would have been the better way.

Cloud Thunder is the name we shall give to a young Indian of aspiring mind and healthy body, who entered Carlisle as a student a few years since, remained three years and then returned to his people.

He returned partly because his people wanted him to, but more to satisfy the inconsistent and insatiable demand for half-educated Indian boys and girls to go back and "lift up their people."

"GO BACK!" say the masses who have thought the least upon the subject of Indian education. They do not realize that the youthful minds to whom they are speaking have scarcely gained sufficient strength to stand *alone* even among those who are ever willing to counsel, help, urge or force them to right living.

"GO BACK!" insists the Government of the United States in all its might and power. "On the reservation we will feed you until you are able to feed yourself," it says.

(What an inducement to energetic self-support for one inclined to indolence, if there be such!)

"There," says the Government, "we will give you lands, or perhaps a paid position at the agency. You will find barbarism, filth, corruption, lasciviousness, laziness, gambling, disloyalty to the Government and the air full of indifference and death, but you have been away from it for several years and although it is your native condition, you should have gained enough stamina to withstand all and to live a pure life. If you fail we will hold you up in Congress when the appropriation bill comes up as an example of money wasted in Indian education."

"Go back!" cries the enthusiastic missionary. "Christ needs you above all other means to carry His blessed truth to your benighted people. You have had three years of

(Continued on the Fourth Page.)

# THE INDIAN HELPER

PRINTED EVERY FRIDAY

—AT THE—

*Indian Industrial School, Carlisle, Pa.,*  
**BY INDIAN BOYS.**

THE INDIAN HELPER is PRINTED by Indian boys, but  
EDITED by The man-on-the-band-stand, who is NOT an Indian

PRICE—10 CENTS A YEAR.

Address INDIAN HELPER, Carlisle, Pa.  
*Miss M. Burgess, Manager.*

Entered in the P. O. at Carlisle as second class  
mail matter.

Do not hesitate to take the HELPER from  
the Post Office, for if you have not paid for it,  
some one else has. It is paid for in advance.

Mary Bailey of the Philadelphia Normal  
School writes that she is very busy with her  
lessons but takes time to send a subscription.  
Mary is of Pueblo parentage and is fitting  
herself for a teacher, not specially for her own  
people but for ANY people.

A box from St. Joseph, Mo., containing  
pieces of fancy silk carefully put up by a good  
friend of the Indian who is seventy-two years  
of age, has been gratefully received and put to  
good use by some of the girls who love to  
make fancy things for their rooms.

Mr. Edward Marsden, the Alaskan of Mari-  
etta College, who is a native of British Col-  
umbia, has renounced his allegiance to Queen  
Victoria and yesterday received the document  
that made him a full fledged naturalized  
American citizen.—[*Marietta Times*, May 2, '94.

As we go to press we get word of the death  
of Flora Pretty Lodge after a long illness of  
typhoid pneumonia and hemorrhage of the  
lungs. Her last words were messages of love  
to friends at Carlisle. She was conscious to  
the last. Flora has friends and relatives here  
who will be very sorry to hear the sad news.

Some of the Chemawa pupils from the other  
side of the Continent write: "We are so in-  
terested in the HELPER that we can't help  
sending for it so that we may hear about Car-  
lisle." They send greetings to those who are  
with us from that school and hope that they  
are learning fast and making a success in life.  
Lizzie Smith and Katie St. Martin are the  
names signed.

The Navajoes who own 1,500,000 sheep are  
complaining of the reduction in the price for  
wool. They are too ignorant to know what  
the tariff is but are plainly sensible of the  
effects of the tariff war. Where is THEIR  
representative in Congress? The Navajoes  
have occupied the country longer than any  
people represented in Congress and yet they  
have been so blind to their own interests that  
not until recently have they allowed a school  
to be conducted in their midst.

A letter from Miss Reeside dated Rainy  
Mountain Mission, Oakdale, Ok., April 26,  
shows that she has again entered into  
her missionary work with vigor among the  
Kiowa women. They gave her a warm wel-  
come. In her own words she says, "Julia  
(meaning Julia Given) and Miss Ballew came  
to Chicasha to meet me where I arrived, Fri-  
day, April 13th. We spent that night with  
Mrs. (Joshua) Given who has a farm not far  
from Chicasha. Her father is with her. She  
is comfortably but plainly fixed. She has two  
dear little children and the boy is so like  
Joshua." In speaking of Julia Given, Miss  
Reeside says "She is looking stout and well  
and seems so happy. She speaks Kiowa very  
well now and will make an excellent inter-  
preter when she has a little more practice.  
Martha Napawat came to us yesterday after  
spending a few days with her mother in camp.  
She would not say so to me but I think she  
finds camp life repulsive. Julia had a thou-  
sand questions to ask her about Carlisle and  
they talked nearly all night. As I look at  
these two girls I think if Carlisle did not ac-  
complish anything but the transformation of  
these two how much that is worth, and yet  
these are only two of many. Martha wants to  
take her little brother with her back to Car-  
lisle."

The following kindly words come from a  
far away agency in relation to one of our girls  
who has recently arrived there from Carlisle:  
"Carlisle has done much for her. Her de-  
scription of the Spring weather almost  
made one homesick for the dear old Keystone  
State. I shall watch the future of this girl  
with much interest. I am anxious to know  
whether she can remain on her present level  
or whether she will be dragged down." The  
Man-on-the-band-stand would here like to ask  
the author of the letter whether or not he  
would entrust a young and innocent daughter  
of his own to the life which the girl ne speaks  
of is obliged to throw herself into, surrounded  
by the worst forms of vice and allurements?  
Dare we think for a moment that she can  
stand? Isn't it folly to throw away our work  
in that way? In a community of respected  
and thrifty people where virtue and righteous-  
ness are in the lead, she has already made for  
herself an excellent name, and if she were  
allowed the privilege of remaining would  
stand as good a chance of becoming a good  
woman and a helpful example to her white  
sisters, as any of her associates.

Nicholas Ruleau, who was a pupil of Car-  
lisle for several years but did not graduate, is  
now attending a school in Minnesota. He  
has been there for two years and is the only  
Indian in the school, hence has a very good  
chance to learn English. In one class he says  
they each represent a nationality—German,  
French, Austrian, Swede, Dane, Norwegian,  
and English besides his own, the Sioux.

In a history class the other day the lesson  
was upon Capt. John Smith and his adven-  
tures. The teacher remarked that it was  
"very different then you know, the Indians  
were here and it was dangerous." "Well,"  
said a boy with merry twinkle of the eye,  
"Are not the Indians here now?"

The lawn-mower singeth a merry tune these days.

Who is the best roller-skater? Adam Spring.

Born in the school stables, a "little black beauty" of a colt.

The white wash brush is playing on the pickets on the east side of the grounds to good effect.

A word to those who lend: "A dime in the pocket will buy more groceries than a dollar somebody owes you."

Quite a number from the school including faculty and students attended the Sousa concert on Wednesday evening in Harrisburg.

Who forgot his ticket when he went to the Sousa concert and had to manoeuvre considerably to get in without paying twice? C. G.

Capt. Pratt is again at his desk after an illness of several days. He contracted a heavy cold which threatened serious results for a time.

Carrie Cornelius' first attempt at rhubarb pies was a success, as the members of the teachers' club can testify. She took great pains to see that they were first class.

Mr. Masten's corner of the dining-hall has been turned into a beauty spot. He has expended no little energy in making flower beds and filling them with choice potted plants.

After supper the tennis ball flieth and the croquet mallet driveth with a heavy thud while the robin chirpeth and the small boy crieth out, "Watch yourself! Watch yourself! Watch yourself!"

Spencer and Edith Smith were summoned home to the funeral of their father who died suddenly last week. It is but a short time since their father visited the school in apparent good health.

Mr. Isaac Forney one of our boiler men, having turned his work of heating the premises over to the rays of Old Sol took a day off yesterday, which he spent with his wife at the home of his parents down country.

Susie Metoxen has gone to Idaho to take a position in the Lemhi Agency Boarding School. Susie graduated this year. She has not been home for several years, but is determined to try her skill at sewing among strangers, before turning her face homeward.

It will be remembered that Dr. Montezuma was purchased when a boy from the Indians by a traveling artist for \$30, "thirty pieces of silver." The artist was Mr. Gentile, of Chicago. Dr. in the meantime graduated from the University of Illinois and from the Chicago Medical College, and finally became physician of our school. Within the last six months Mr. Gentile died leaving a son. At the World's Fair, he requested Dr. Montezuma to act as guardian to his little son, should anything happen to him. The boy Carlos Gentile, a bright and handsome lad of six is now with us on his way to the home in New York State where Dr. Montezuma spent many happy years of his youth. Doesn't it read like a story? We shall watch with interest the future of the white boy who has been placed under the guardianship of an Apache Indian.

How clean and neat,  
How fresh and sweet,

The kitchen looks,—a charmed retreat  
Where one might sit and weave a bit  
Of home'y rhyme, describing it.

The little girls like to play ball, the same as most little girls of any school. It is good exercise for them and the Man-on-the-bandstand enjoys seeing them batting and running and being merry. One little club calls itself the Echo Club while the others are called Graceful Steppers.

A pleasant letter from Albert Minthorn speaks of his safe arrival at his home on the Pacific Coast. At the time he wrote he was in Walla Walla for the purpose of advertising some horses that had strayed from or been stolen from his herd. Albert has enjoyed meeting with old friends, among others Miss Gaither, but has not taken time to visit, as business needed his first attention.

Katie Grindrod has received her diploma from the Training School of nursing connected with the Woman's Medical College of Philadelphia, and a congratulatory message was sent her from the school. The Man-on-the-bandstand almost wishes he could get sick right away so as to test her skill. Her skill, however, has passed muster, or she never would have received a diploma.

The school has lost a good friend in the death this week of Rev. Dr. Kremer, Pastor of the Reformed Church of Carlisle. At various times he has officiated in our Sunday afternoon services and always most acceptably. He had a heart full of sympathy for the oppressed of every race and for every one he met had a word of encouragement. We shall miss his kindly face and gentle, sympathizing voice.

The latest bit of interesting news is the announcement of the marriage to come of Miss Bessie Patterson to Mr. A. Allison Anderson at the home of the former in Washington, D. C., on the 16th. Miss Bessie's many friends at Carlisle where she was a successful teacher for many years, send happy congratulations, while some are wont to wonder if the injunction "Go west young man" might not be wisely changed to "Go west young woman." It will be remembered that Miss Bessie has been a teacher with her sister Miss Ella for some time at the Otoe Agency Indian School, Oklahoma, and there, we understand, became acquainted with Mr. Anderson.

The Printers as base-ball players are called by some the Hair Spaces. Good! And they might be called the Air Spaces, too, judging from the way they flew last Friday night and beat the faculty team by a score of 26 to 6 in a game of four innings. It was the liveliest game of the season while it lasted. Messers Marshall, Thompson, Claudy, Schanandore, Deavor, of the faculty scored runs. The other faculty players, were Doctor, Mr. Weitzel, Mr. Dum and Mr. Spray. The printers made runs as follows: Gregg, 4, Dominick, 3, Hook, 2, Luffkins, 2, N. Hill, 3, Geo. Buck, 3, Kennedy, 2, Sixkiller, 3, Dabhab, 4. Malcolm Clark and George Warren were the Umpires. It was said by a bystander, it was the first game the printers ever won, but said person forgot about the time they beat the First Nine, but a week or two since.

(Continued From the First Page.)

experience under Christian influence; now go back and lift your people up. It is true, the Lord Almighty took EIGHTY YEARS to prepare Moses to lift up his people, but three or five years is quite enough for a little Indian boy or girl to gain sufficient knowledge, skill and experience to perform this popular lifting act."

A sickly person who has been on the reservation a month or two and knowing how to call forth the tender emotions of fond father and mother will weep with them as they strain a lengthy epistle to a far away son or daughter who is expending every effort to drive out sentiment and by hard knocks to climb to a place of self-respect and honor.

"But, come back," says the beseeching letter. "Oh, come back. Your mother is not well. Your father is getting old. You can go to school here on the reservation. This school is not as good a one as Carlisle, but it is good enough for you. Come back! It is a shame for you to stay away so long. Don't you love your father and mother? We all know that it is true that the white young man who ever amounts to anything is the one who breaks away from home ties and works long years off times in a land of strangers. He begins at the bottom of the ladder and through force of circumstances and with the aid that naturally comes in the environment of thrift and industry he climbs to a position of influence, power and trust; but do not listen to such talk. Oh, come back."

And thus the wail of "Go back, go back!" is heard from every side and on every hand until the rising young Indian begins to think himself that his only duty lies in the backward direction.

Thus he is persuaded from the only influence that has rescued him from the dirt, washed him, stood him on his feet, opened his eyes and filled him with some degree of ambition to stand WITHOUT PROPS an independent individual, and it being in the line of his natural inclination, he finally listens.

#### HE GOES BACK!

And this is the way the average boy of sixteen or eighteen is able to lift up his people:

"How! My son!" exclaimed the father as he took his handsome boy by the hand after an absence of three years.

The mother threw herself upon her son's neck and wept.

The children one and all stood in silent awe, as the manly youth, now so changed from the boy of thirteen when he left that camp was escorted to the best cushion in the circle

around the fire over which a pot of food was cooking, in anticipation of the happy home-coming.

(To be continued.)

#### ARE THE INDIANS SUPERIOR?

It is stated that the colored people of the United States support seven colleges, seventeen academies, and fifty high schools, in which there are 30,000 pupils. They have 1,500,000 children in the common schools, and 24,000 teachers. More than 2,500,000 of the race can read and write.

"Well, Uncle Silas, your boy is home from college?"

"Yes, wuss luck."

"Worse luck? Why?"

"He's larned so much he can't plow up nothin' but my feelin's, nor harrer nothin' but my soul."

It is not much trouble for even the meanest boys and girls to keep from doing wrong when they are busy doing right, and the best of them are liable to do wrong when they have nothing else on hand.

#### Enigma.

I am made of 12 letters.

My 5, 4, 3 is what some people put up fruit in.

My 8, 2, 1, 12 is what the Carlisle Indian boys and girls fall in when they go to their meals

My 7, 6, 9, 11, 10 is what the cars run on.

My whole is the name of a little Indian girl in No. 13 who was the first to answer last week's Enigma.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Warm weather.

#### SPECIAL.

For SIXTEEN CENTS and a one cent stamp extra to pay postage, a TWENTY-CENT PHOTOGRAPH and THE INDIAN HELPER for a year will be sent to any address in the United States and Canada. To one who tries to solve the Enigma the photograph will be sent without the extra for postage.

For FIVE subscriptions to the HELPER a choice from an interesting set of twenty-cent photographs will be sent FREE. Send for a list of Interesting Photographs which we give as premium for subscriptions, published in No. 20!

WE KEEP ON HAND HUNDREDS OF PHOTOGRAPHS—THE BAND, KING'S DAUGHTERS, CIRCLES, VARIOUS CLASSES, VIEWS OF THE GROUND, INTERIOR SHOPS, VIEWS OF SLEEPING AND OTHER ROOMS, INDIVIDUAL FACES ON CARD AND CABINET, RANGING IN PRICES FROM THE CARD PHOTOGRAPH OF TEN CENTS UP TO THE LARGEST 16x24 WORTH 60 CENTS. FOR A DESCRIPTIVE LIST, SEND A ONE-CENT STAMP.